

# Sir

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue and white striped shirt, is the central figure. She is looking slightly to the side with a soft expression. The background is a textured, light blue-grey wall.

3/-

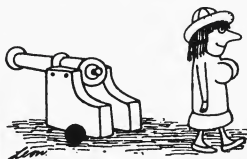
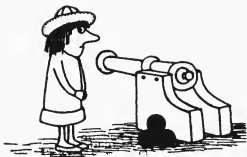
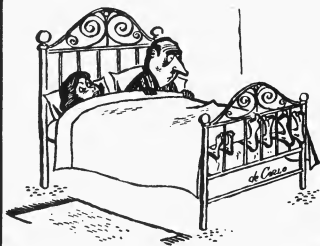
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- ▶ Racy stories
- ▶ Beautiful girls

**BIG COLOUR  
PIN-UP!**

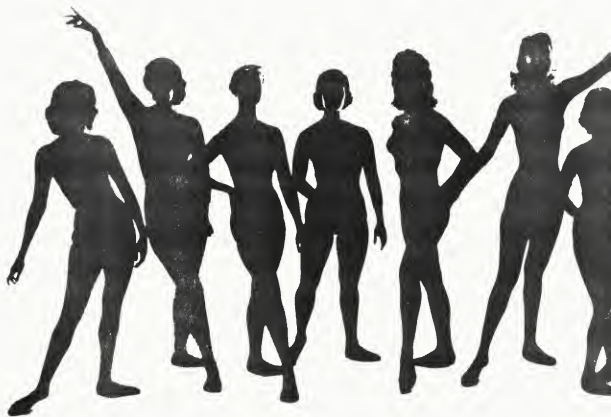


# Sir



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# THE CASANOVA COMPLEX

*You, too, can be a Casanova. Simply follow this easy step-by-step guide and have women flocking to your side.*

by FRANKLIN RAND

A friend of mine, after reading the *Memoirs of Casanova*, expressed his envy over the exploits of this fabulous character. He told me that he would want nothing more than to be exactly like his hero of the moment. Actually, my friend's desire was not too unusual. What man wouldn't like to be a Casanova? What man doesn't dream of having a hundred women panting in his wake while he cuts a dashing swath through the sea of femininity that lies before him?

Of course it sounds good, a goal dearly to be desired by any normal, healthy, red-blooded male. But my friend, like most men, felt that this was an unobtainable dream. Well, I have news for him and all the others who have harboured a similar desire somewhere in their subconscious minds.

Take heart, because you too can be a Casanova. With a little application and dedication to the task, any man can become the scourge of husbands and the bane of faithful wives; strike terror into the heart of every male while bringing smiles of ecstatic acceptance to the face of every woman he meets. In short, you can be a Casanova—if that's what you really want.

Of course, it won't be easy. Nothing really worthwhile ever is. But if a man is ready to sacrifice and give it his all, the goal is not beyond his reach. For today, we have a powerful aid in modern psychology that eliminates all the guesswork from this game. The Casanova personality, you see, has been dissected, analyzed, classified and is now an open book for any man who will take the trouble to seek.

Oddly enough, your physical en-

dowments are not too important in this particular calling.

Indeed, very few of the great Casanovas of history were particularly distinguished by their physical appearance. Casanova, himself — the namesake for all those who followed in his enviable footsteps — was, according to contemporary reports, a small man with a "waspy expression" and a rather "prominent proboscis." His complexion was "livery" and his face was badly scarred as a result of a "bout of the pox." Hardly what we would call an Adonis, but as history recalls, he overcame these shortcomings brilliantly.

Honore de Balzac, the great French novelist, was also a notorious ladies man. It was said about him that half the female population of Europe clamoured at his bedroom door. And Balzac was a downright ugly man. Indeed, almost a physical monster. He was short, squat, enormously fat, with tiny little pig-eyes peering out of a coarse, vulgar face. To top it off, he had a florid complexion and a tendency to drool when he became excited — which was most of the time.

Even in our own time, the most famous Casanovas have not been distinguished by their looks. A few years ago a rather mousy little accounting clerk named Maxwell Pierson was discovered to have a total of 37 wives — simultaneously. These women were spread out throughout an entire county and most of them did not know one another. When the truth was revealed, however, a surprising percentage of his 37 wives were willing to forgive and forget. They testified on Mr. Pierson's behalf, tearfully enjoining the court to let bygones be bygones and

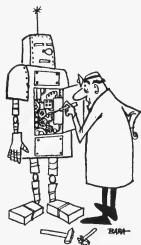
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AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

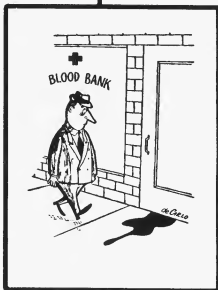








"Now does that hurt?"





# The Lecture



HILSMAN





# NO HONEYMOON AT ALL

THE SNOBSET MOTEL LAY at the very foot of the Kokomoko mountains and was surrounded on three sides by Lake Wickapoopoopoo, which, as you can tell by the name, was THE Lake even in the old days when this territory was really one hundred per cent American. Yes, sad to say, the Indians had their snobset, too.

The Motel had only been built a few years ago, but it already had gained fame as a famous honeymoon resort. Of course, snobs were still welcome, and if a couple turned out to be both honeymooners *and* snobs, the hospitality they received was unlimited. For a consideration, of course. You get what you pay for, as has been so clearly stated in the Bill of Rights.

Ellen and Jonathan Teasdale were a young honeymoon couple. They were not snobs. Jonathan was too preoccupied with fishing to be a really adequate snob. And Ellen was too preoccupied with Jonathan to be anything but a lovely young bride. Not even her tears could quite conceal this radiant beauty. Why does a lovely young bride cry on her honeymoon? Take a look at Jonathan. The old felt hat spotted with gay looking flies; the hip length waders. The idiot is going fishing. Yes, on his honeymoon. What's worse, they've only been married four hours. Jonathan isn't really the idiot in this story, but such behaviour does give him the very close runner-up spot.

"You're really going fishing, Jonathan?" asked Ellen in disbelief as she daubed at her eyes with the dainty little pink bordered handkerchief. "Or is this your crude, masculine way of making a bad joke?"

"Precious!" said Jonathan, "I told you I wanted to get out for a few hours while they're still biting. It's the most beautiful little trout stream I've ever seen."

"Fish? My God, fish! Fish," moaned Ellen, repeating the awful word over and over. She shook

her head and wrung her pretty little hands in anguish.

"Trout," corrected Jonathan. "They're head and gills above the average fish. I don't see why you're crying and being so stubborn about this, Ellen. It's really nothing. Sometimes I wonder if I really know you."

"If it's nothing why must you go?"

"I don't know what's gotten into you," mused Jonathan, not hearing her question. "It's almost as though you're not the same girl I married. Frankly, Ellen, I'm seriously wondering about our relationship."

"What relationship?" wailed Ellen, plaintively.

"Our relationship as man and wife," replied Jonathan primly, as he began to adjust his waders.

"My God, Jonathan! Don't talk like that. We've only been married four hours." Ellen's voice was frightened.

"That's exactly what I mean," said Jonathan with an icy smile. "Four hours of marriage and already you're trying to run my life."

"No, Jonathan!" protested Ellen through a fresh waterfall of tears. "I would never try to run your life. It's mean of you to say that!"

"Then don't try to stop me, Ellen. Don't try to stop me." His words were in a menacing tone that was right out of radio soap opera.

"I won't stand in your way, Jonathan." She had caught the melodramatic disease by now. "Go fishing, Jonathan. If that's what you want."

"I knew you were the girl for me, Precious! I knew it." Jonathan was his old slobbering self again. "I won't be gone long. Maybe three hours. And when I get back, guess what?"

"We'll clean fish?" asked Ellen in innocent sarcasm.

"No. Don't be ridiculous. When I get back, you be waiting, Precious. Put on something sexy. I'll show you that I haven't forgotten that we're on our honeymoon."

"That'll be interesting. What will you do? Give selected readings from the Motel tourist bulletin?"

"You'll see. You'll see," threatened Jonathan. He gave his bride a brief kiss and once more adjusted his waders. He bent and picked up his fishing gear, smiled happily, and left the room.

Ellen Teasdale daubed at her eyes and then put the handkerchief away. She walked across the room and drew the blinds and in the semi-darkness she threw off the flimsy dressing gown her Aunt Carole had given her. With only an occasional sob shaking her trim figure, she lay down on one of the two large beds.

The Idiot plodded along the busy highway, reaching out every once in awhile to claw wildly at a passing car. His name was Sammy Stroop, and like Jonathan Teasdale, even he wasn't a real idiot. Sammy was actually an escaped homicidal maniac. While confined in the insane asylum he had learned one very important thing. He could pass for an idiot on occasion, if he just kept his mouth shut. That is why Sammy Stroop seldom spoke. The only sound he ever allowed to pass his lips was an occasional nervous giggle. The Idiot had broken out of the asylum earlier that day and now he plodded along, inhaling the sweet Spring air and hoping that he would soon find some young girl.

Earlier, and much farther back along the road, the Idiot had had two excellent opportunities. But he had been incredibly clumsy in his approach, and as both girls had proven very fleet of foot they succeeded in getting away from him. He was determined that this should not happen again. He giggled loudly as he thought of what would happen the next time he caught a girl all alone.

He turned in mid-stride and clawed at a passing Greyhound bus. His timing was improving. This time he managed to scratch the paint on the side of the bus before it managed to escape. As he stared angrily after the speeding bus he noticed for the first time the large sign along the road which read, **SNOBSET MOTEL** —

**VACANCY.** With diabolic cunning he decided that this might be just the place he'd been looking for. He lumbered down the gravel path and paused at the first unit in line. One big hairy hand tried the knob. The door was unlocked. He pushed it open and entered.

"Close the door, Jonathan," murmured Ellen Teasdale, sleepily. She didn't bother to raise her head from the pillow.

The Idiot giggled softly and closed the door. Gradually, his eyes adjusted to the semi-darkness. In the faint light he saw the reclining and scantily clad figure of Ellen Teasdale. His eyes lit up as he smiled in anticipation.

"Well," she murmured, still half asleep, "Are you ready to start behaving like a real bridegroom?"

As was pointed out earlier, Sammy Stroop was really no idiot. He leaped across the room with the speed and agility of a much smaller man. In a frenzy he seized Ellen roughly and tore the scant underthings from her body. Ellen was so completely taken by surprise with the savagery of the attack that for a moment she didn't quite realize what was happening to her.

The Idiot walked to the adjoining bathroom and clumsily began to search through the medicine cabinet. Gleeefully, he opened a can of shaving cream and began to spray the contents all over the top of his head. He stopped and stared at his ugly face in the mirror. The face went completely blank as Ellen's voice called to him from the bedroom.

"I know you're dying to tell me, dear," called Ellen in her warm and sleepy voice. "How many did you catch?"

The Idiot poked his massive head through the bathroom doorway and broke his long silence. "You're the first one, lady. The other ones all ran too fast."

Ellen Teasdale mercifully fainted dead away. Later, when Jonathan returned from fishing, even he seemed to sense that all was not right.



HUME

*"You ain't gonna be fool enough to wear that thing, are you?"*











# DON'T LET ME ENCOURAGE YOU

By D. G. Lloyd

"Hello, Jack. Fine, thanks. Listen, you and Peg are still coming for the weekend, aren't you? Swell. Fine. What's that? What do you mean? Change the arrangements in what way?

"Bring the boys along? By all means! The place is made for youngsters. There's an old shed out back they can climb on. Our kids used to spend hours out there, before the accident with the roof. Anyhow, that's been covered over with tar paper, and the loft has been propped up again. It's perfect, because it'll keep them away from the dog.

"I don't know. Normally he's as gentle as a lamb, but ever since his shots . . . well, you know how dogs get. Anyhow, he's not allowed near the shed any more after that business with the rusty nail, so that will work out fine for everyone. Just be sure to tell

the boys not to make any sudden gestures when they first come in the house.

"This will be a great surprise for our kids. No, really, I think it's wonderful. The truth is, I was beginning to feel kind of mean. I haven't let them have any other children in the house since the trouble with the little Condon boy, and . . . what? Oh, nothing. You know kids. Heh-heh. Sure. Ours are at kind of a war-like stage, I guess, that's all. They'll outgrow it.

"What's that? Oh, well, listen, Jack: No need to do that. No, really, they're welcome here. Honestly, we'd be delighted. What? I see. Uh-huh. Well . . . Okay, Jack, you work it whatever way you want to. Anyhow, we're looking forward to seeing you and Peg, now, hear? Okay fella. Sure. So long."

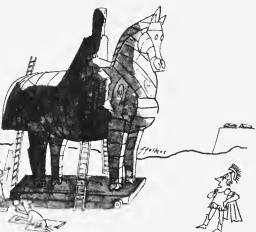


Rucker

"Why don't you tell Wall Street what you just told me?"



"Beads, gewgaws, four-way cold tablets..."



"On second thought, no jockey."



"Edna!"

# NOTE FROM MOSCOW

By E. L. Packer

THE joint archaeological expedition of the Academy of Sciences of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic have made an important discovery in a tar pit near Khrushchevgrad\* in the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic.

According to Pravda, the discovery "refutes completely the baseless, hypocritical claim of ruling capitalist circles in the United States that beauty contests originated in America."

The discovery consists in part of a large number of skeletons in a rough, natural amphitheatre. The amphitheatre seems to have sunk quite suddenly into the tar pit, perhaps during a warm spell. Ten

*\* The last vowel in Khrushchev's name is, in effect, unlauted in Russian, which gives it a "yo" sound, rather than the short "e" sound usually given it by Westerners*



"Why look for omens? You look for omens, you find omens."

female skeletons, clearly comprising the contestants stand in a line on a sort of stage. They face over 500 sitting skeletons, obviously onlookers. Between these two groups is a line of five male skeletons, also sitting, who apparently served as judges in the contest.

Carbon tests place the age of the skeletons at approximately 6,000 years. Pravda has published an artist's sketch of the find. A further announcement is to be made in the near future.

Your correspondent has been unable to pinpoint the location of Krushchevgrad, largely because recent Soviet postal guides, railway guides and atlases are unavailable, evidently for security reasons.

An official spokesman, who emphatically declined to identify himself, said that information concerning the discovery was made public at this

time "in conformity with the current policy of peaceful co-existence." In spite of this, foreign diplomats in Moscow express themselves as puzzled by the sharp language of the announcement. A French diplomat is inclined to explain the announcement as an insult to beauty contests, women and France. An American diplomat, long resident in Moscow, thinks the disclosure is designed to damage the prestige of the United States. A prominent Polish Communist, allegedly close to Gomulka, believes the announcement was conceived by Khrushchev as a practical joke while he was attending a recent reception at the Polish embassy. An Asian diplomat, recently transferred here from a satellite capital, is frankly sceptical that any such skeletons have been discovered. He considered that the announcement probably forecast an extremely subtle and clever shift in Soviet policy, away from mass participation in athletics and toward spectator sports. He also forecast a series of fraudulent discoveries, culminating in the supposed unearthing of a Neanderthal burlesque house near Minsk. In line with this, he believes that Russian leaders will further ease restrictions on Western music and dancing (formerly viewed as evidence of bourgeois decadence), including the waltz, the big apple and the twist.









*"Hey, Joe, we're invited to a wild party!"*









## THE CASANOVA COMPLEX

(Continued from page 5)

to return their gem of a man to his many-splendoured freedom.

When judges and jury looked at Pierson in the witness dock, they found it difficult to connect him with the lengthy evidence and loving testimony of his many wives. Here was no dashing man-about-town, no handsome gigolo. Instead, they saw a small, rather ordinary looking, mild-mannered man who found it difficult to raise his voice above a whisper.

Of course, not all Casanovas are mousy, misshapen little creatures. Some have been quite handsome by any standards. But handsome or homely, they all have one important thing in common — an overpowering, uncontrollable desire to be loved by women — any and all women.

Here, then, is the first lesson you must learn if you really want to be a Casanova. When you meet a woman, you must give her your complete and undivided attention. Forget about yourself. Your personal preferences are not important. Think only about her. Try to figure out what *she* wants, what *she* likes, what will please *her* the most. If she's adventurous, be bold; if she's a shrinking violet, be gentle; if she's masochistic, be cruel. In any case, she is the object of your desire and you must use any means at your command to win her.

Disregard your own feelings. They are not important, now. If she insults you, ignore it. Pride has no place in your scheme of things. You must win her over. That is the goal. To do this you are prepared to crawl, plead, grovel, lie — anything. Remember, she is the most important thing in your life for the moment.

Sound a little bit difficult and sticky? Well, you're the one who wanted to be a Casanova. This is just part of the price you'll have to pay. If you're sincere in your desire, it's worth it.

Of course, it will help immeasurably if you have the necessary psychic needs to spur you on. The Casanova complex, most modern psychiatrists are agreed, is the result of a latent homosexuality. The true Casanova, in reality, does not like women and has no true deepseated desire for them on the physical level. His masculinity, however, is very precariously balanced. He has an unconscious desire for men that he must keep suppressed at all costs. So, in order to reassure his masculine sense of himself, he must conquer one woman after another.

No single conquest, you see, can give him the reassurance he so desperately needs. Every woman becomes a challenge. Unless he can win her, his faltering masculinity is in jeopardy. The woman, in his mind's eye, becomes an object; a thing he must have to bolster his sagging ego.

It's not surprising, then, that he is successful. He has 16 demons inside him, ready to push him on whenever he might falter. What woman can resist this kind of drive? He completely overpowers her with the force of his burning desire. In his own area of operations, the Casanova is kin to the business tycoon who rides roughshod and ruthlessly over all opposition — let morality be damned.

Still want to be a Casanova? Still want a hundred amours to whet your appetite?

If you still do, there's another price you'll have to pay. Part of the joy in most men's lives is afforded by the camaraderie of people of their own sex. No one can deny the pleasure obtained from an ordinary stag game of poker, or a fishing trip with a close friend, or just a bull-session with a few of the boys. Well, if you're planning to embark on a career of a Casanova, forget them.

Women are now the central facet of your life. You have to live, breathe and dream of them from now on. Their interests have to become your interests; their pastimes your pastimes; their talk your talk. Most important of all you have to become completely sincere. Women, as you have probably already learned for yourself, are devilishly shrewd when it comes to their relations with men. Any girl worth her salt would be able to pick out your phony line as fast as you could feed it to her.

There is one other important sacrifice you'll have to make: your sensual pleasure. No longer will you be able to delight in the physical comingling with a woman, this kind of pleasure will be lost forever. Does the drug addict enjoy his heroin; does the alcoholic love his alcohol? Of course not! They hate, with every fibre of their beings, the obsession which holds them in thrall. And how could it be otherwise?

The same thing holds true for the Casanova. He cannot love women for the simple reason that he is obsessed with them. His desire does not well up from some deep spring of physical need, he cannot afford the luxury of taking delight in the warmth of woman's caress or take any consolation from her yielding softness. Women are merely props on which he suspends for a tantalizing moment his neurotic drives. He, himself, is caught in a bewildering maze. The more he conquers, the more he finds he has to conquer. He can never be satisfied, but must flit from one woman to the next in endless effort to prove to himself that he is a man. Since he really isn't a man, all of his effort is in vain and all the women in Arabia couldn't assuage his need.

Actually, not every man can be a Casanova. It takes a very special breed to be able to do all that is necessary to be successful at this particular vocation. No, not every man can be a Casanova — and this is a good thing, because few men really want to be one.



